

YOU TELL 'EM I STUTTER

Property

of

JOHNNIE SPEER.



"YOU TELL 'EM----I STUTTER!"

CHARACTER

Mac MacDonough ..... Light comedy  
Karl Ballard ..... Genteel character  
Elwin Dalton ..... Sheriff  
"Beetle" ..... Character comedy  
Dot Dalton ..... Soubrette lead  
Agnes ..... Character

SETTINGS

SCENE ONE: STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK. Drop in one.  
SCENE TWO : Exterior of a hunting shack in Colorado  
SCENE THREE: Interior of Sheriff's office.  
SCENE FOUR : Same.

PROPS

SCENE ONE

Check book	Small notebook
Small flash light	Pencil
Small photograph	Revolver

SCENE TWO

Rifle	Bench or cot
Coltsrevolver	Blankets
Pan of potatoes	Small bird (dead)

SCENE THREE

Large key	Signs on wall
Two telegrams	Paper cornucopia with flowers
Desk	Dope needle
Swivel chair	Skeleton key
Small three cornered file	Telephone



SCENE FOUR

Cigars(box full) .  
Check  
Long rope

Ball and chain for Agnes  
Horse effects  
Auto horn

NOTE

All through scene One Mac uses the expression, "You tell 'em-  
Istutter. Comedian doing part will use own judgement on where  
to place gag. Play Mac very light, and snappy.



(Scene One---the Street of a small town.)

Ballard  
(enters with Mac\* ) No sir, Mac, you are entirely mistaken, that's all?

Mac  
All right, old man, but I know what I'm talking about.

Ballard  
That's the silliest thing I ever heard of in all my life. You've got some mighty funny ideas for a man that's been in New York all his life.

Mac  
Well, look! Burglars broke into the my house the other week, and the police have been looking for them without even so much as a trace of the culprits.

Ballard  
Well, that's nothing. Just because the police force didn't capture the one particular set of crooks that robbed you is no sign they aren't efficient enough.

Mac  
Well, that was my statement and I'm going to stick to it. I say that it is absolutely possible for a clever man to commit a crime now a days and the law never could catch him

Ballard  
Well, look at the prisons of today. Aren't they filled with law-breakers?

Mac  
Sure. Why? Because criminals are like all other professional men. There are bound to be a few block heads among them; and the block heads get caught.

Ballard  
Now, listen, Mac, I've been a detective for a good many years in this city.

Mac  
Sure and the only thing you ever caught was the seven year itch and the measles.

Ballard  
How about those jewel thieves I caught last year?

Mac  
Who couldn't have caught them? They gave themselves up to the law.

Ballard  
Oh you're just sour on the police force because they couldn't catch the one petty bunch of burglars who broke into your house. Listen, Mac, you're so smart, but if you were to pull some crime, I'd have you in jail inside of ten minutes after you done it.

Mac  
How much do you want to bet that I can't dodge every officer in this country?

Ballard  
How many of them?

Mac  
All of them. Detectives! Police! Sheriffs! Deputy Sheriffs! All of them. How much will you bet?

Ballard  
For how long?

Mac  
A week, a month, a year ----anything you like.

Ballard  
I take you on, but I don't want to take money from you, Mac. Honestly if I hadn't know you were- so long I'



swear you were crazy. You're acting mighty funny. Are you in love?

Mac

Listen, there isn't a girl in New York that I'd give a second look too. I'm absolutely immune. The girl I marry must have brains.

Ballard

You're liable to be a batchellor for the rest of your life.

Mac

Why?

Ballard

A girl with brains wouldn't have you.

Mac

That's a bright crack.

Ballard

So's the grand canyon.

Mac

Well, I've got ten thousand dollars that says I can evade the law for one year. I dare you to take me up.

Ballard

You do?

Mac

Yes I do.

Ballard

It's a go!

Mac

Ten thousand dollars?

Ballard

Without leaving the United States?

Mac

Yes---here's my proposition; I will committ a crime. That makes me a criminal. I will avoid arrest. That makes me a fugitive from justice. You advertise me in the Rogue's gallery as you would advertise any other criminal---offer a reward for my capture, do anything you please. And yet I shall escape arrest one year. If I don't, you win. If I do, you lose.

Ballard

What crime are you going to committ?

Mac

Mr. Ballard, for what crime have fewest men been shot?

Ballard

Forgery.

Mac

Thanks. The crime will be forgery. I'll forge a check on you for one thousand dollars.

Ballard

All right. Now give me a picture of yourself for the Rogue's gallery

Mac

Here's the only one I've got with me. (takes out small picture)

Ballard

That will do. (takes tape measure) Now I want your height.

Mac

I'm five feet two---eyes of blue

Ballard

(measuring) Five foot three---eyes of green. (writes in small book)

Now your weight?

Mac

One hundred twenty five pounds.

Ballard

Stripped?

Mac

Dressed.



Ballard

Open your mouth. How old are you?

Mac

Twenty eight.

Ballard

(looks in mouth) (examines teeth like a horse trader) Age twenty eight three months, eighteen days. (measures head) Girth of head twenty two inches.

Mac

It will be larger when I collect that ten thousand bucks.

Ballard

(takes out small flash light and magnifying glass) Open your mouth. Teeth----third molar, lower missing. Second molar, gold filled. Other wise teeth sound and well swept. Washes teeth with Colgates and smokes bum cigars.

Mac

How do you know?

Ballard

You just gave me one. Hair---brown---texture, fine to medium Parts it on the left side

Mac

Fine! You didn't get my temperature.

Ballard

I will--when you pay me that ten thousand.

Mac

You must think you're going to win.

Ballard

Sure I am. When you are arrested---

Mac

What?

Ballard

I say---when you are arrested, wire me. If you don't, you are liable to wind up in the penitentiary.

Mac

How? Why?

Ballard

Because if you ever got caught and tried to explain to a jury that you weren't a real criminal they'd probably give you a life sentence in the asylum instead of ten years in Sing Sing. You see I am the only man in the world that knows of this bet.

Mac

Gee whiz! Listen, don't you go up in an airplane and kill your fool self or anything like that. Listen, you be darn good to yourself. For Lord's sake don't kick the bucket.

Ballard

All right. But, Mac, if the facts of this foolish little experiment were to get out, it might cast some discredit on my profession. In fact, it would probably injure my business. Therefore, I'm going to ask you that under all circumstances you will treat the matter with utmost secrecy. Will you promise?

Mac

Sure---that's fair enough.

Ballard

But wait a minute. You haven't forged that check yet. (looks off L.) There's a bank over there. Go there, and sign my name to a check for one thousand dollars. They know both of us well there and naturally they will pass it. Come back when you have forged the check. Until you do that, the bet is not on.

Mac

All right. I'll hurry. (exits L.)







Elwain

All right, Dot, but I'm tellin' you, as Sheriff of this county, I don't approve of this. Kiss your dad now. (kiss her) Good bye--- now, and be careful. (exits R. U.)

Dot

(throwing kiss) Good bye, dad, and remember I'm going to bring home a bear, a dear, a buck, or something any way. (stands watching him a moment, inhales the fresh air of the moment, stretches herself and then exits into cabin.)

Mac

(enters holding up a little bird, his face is dirty and unshaven, wears hunting outfit, carries Colts in holster.) (looks and walks like he was worn out.) Hey anybody home? (knocks on door) Anybody home?

Dot

(opens door has her gun with her) Who are you?

Mac

Don't shoot!

Dot

Are you a hunter?

Mac

Sure. See. (shows bird)

Dot

Oh! why did you have to kill that little thing?

Mac

It was the only thing that would stand still long enough. There are two things I can't do---ride a horse and shoot straight.

Dot

Did you ever see a dear?

Mac

(his eyes admiringly on Dot) Not until you opened that door.

Dot

Don't get fresh!

Mac

I feel rotten.

Dot

Hungry?

Mac

Yes---let---let's cook this bird?

Dot

No---thanks, I'll give you some hot biscuits. Throw that away; it's no good.

Mac

(tossing it off stage) I didn't think it would be.

Dot

You are from the city aren't you?

Mac

What city?

Dot

Denver.

Mac

Hardly.

Dot

Well, I know you are from some city.

Mac

How can you tell?

Dot

You are neither bashful nor fresh.

Mac

Thanks. Do you mind if I sit down.



Dot  
Go ahead----I won't charge you. (he sits on bench) (she sits on box) Were you ever in Boston?

Mac  
Yes.

Dot  
Often?

Mac  
Not any oftener than absolutely necessary. Why?

Dot  
My aunt wants to send me to a boarding school there.

Mac  
Don't you want to go?

Dot  
No, I want to go to New York City.

Mac  
I don't blame you. (idealistic) I don't blame you!

Dot  
New York must be the grandest city in the world! (dreamily)

Mac  
It is! You tell 'em---I stutter, it is!

Dot  
(her jaw drops, her dreaminess becomes determinidness, rises points gun at him) Mac MacDonough, throw up your hands!

Mac  
(surprised, looks up) Huh? (rises)

Dot  
Sit down. If you move from that bench, I'll shoot.

Mac  
I won't bat an eye!

Dot  
(backs to house) Stay right where you are. I'm going in the shack a minute, but don't you move. I'll have my gun on you. (exit)

Mac  
What are you going to do? Get a rope to hang me with?

Dot  
(enter with pan of potatoes) I'm going to get supper and you're going to help me. (sets pan down on his lap) Peel!

Mac  
Who are you anyhow?

Dot  
It doesn't matter who I am; your name is Mac MacDonough. You are wanted in New York city for forgery. Peel!

Mac  
Why do you think I am the man?

Dot  
Your picture has been in my father's Rogues gallery almost a year. A man of your height build and complexion, whose favorite expression is "YOU TELL 'EM----I STUTTER!"

Mac  
Well, can you beat it. I never thought of that! So help me I'll never say "YOU TELL 'EM I STUTTER" again as long as I live. NO SIR! You tell 'em I Stutter!

Dot  
You are the man. There is a reward of five thousand dollars for you--and I'm going to get it. Peel!

Mac  
Just as you say. (peels away, begins examining a potato curiously) I beg your pardon, but this potato is spoiled? (She glances at him) It looks as if something was wrong with one of its eyes.



Dot

(takes the potato and begins examining it, forgetting about gun)  
Nonsense! Nothings the matter with----

Mac

(quietly takes gun from holster and rests it on her) Now just who are you?

Dot

(pointedly) Never mind---(he raises gun, she ssees it) Oh!

Mac

(springs up) Throw up your hands! Sit down! Don't move or I---  
I'll shoot. (holds gun with both hands, awkwardly), Now just who are you?

Dot

They---they call me Dot.

Mac

Dot what?

Dot

Dot Dalton. My---my father's sherrif of this county. I---(faints)

Mac

(drops gun to his side frightened) Good Lord! She's fainted! (starts to get her some water from house) I'll get you some water!

Dot

(grabs her gun) Throw up your hands!

Mac

Well. I'll be damned!

Dot

Sit down!

Mac

I suppose you will take me to jail now.

Dot

Twenty five miles in the ark on horse back with you? I guess not.

Mac

I never rode a horse in my life. What next?

dot

You're going to bed! Lie down on that bench. There's a blanke t there.

Mac

(takes blanket makes bed) As you say. (starts to undress)

Dot

Roll in as you are!

Mac

(covers up with blanket) Just as you say. But are you sure you know who I am?

Dot

I tell you your picture has been in my father's Rogues' gallery for over eleven months. I have looked at it every day.

Mac

(surprised and pleased) You have looked at my picture every day for eleven months?

Dot

Yes.

Mac

You must have taken a rancy to me from the start.

Dot

I look at all of them.

Mac

Oh. (pause) Did you ever catch any one before?

Dot

No one like you.

Mac

(looking at her---smiling)



Just what do you mean, "No one like you" ?

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Dot

(pointing gun at him, emphatically) Go to sleep.

Mac

(lays on couch) You can make me go to bed but you can't make me go to sleep. There's nothing in the constitution that says you can make a man go to sleep. (sitting up) I am going to sit right here, and watch you all night.

Dot

Very well, you may.

Mac

(looks at her for a long time, then with subdued emotion) Dot Dalton if you don't get away from here in ten seconds, I'm going to kiss you. (she remains perfectly calm eyes fixed on him. He counts slowly) One---two---three---four---five---I'm not afraid of your old gun---five---six---seven! (throws back covers) --eight--- (sits on edge of blanket) eight---eight and a half---nine---

Dot

(calmly cocks the rifle. He hesitates a little. She slowly levels it at him.) One

Mac

(looks at her)

Dot

Two-- (he gets back in bed) Three---(covers himself up with bed covers--pulls them up to chin) Four---(covers head with covers) Five---(squirms down) Six---(he humps himself like a snail) ~~Six~~ Seven---(shifts about) Eight (head sticks out from cover--- gasps for breath) None---

Mac

(plaintively) Don't shoot! For God's sake don't shoot!

Dot

Go to sleep!

Mac

You bet! You tell 'em I statter!

Dot

Tomorrow I will take you to my father's jail.

Mac

Do you visit your papa's jail often?

Dot

No, but I could.

Mac

Will you?

Dot

Perhaps---but until you are in my father's jail, back to bed.

Mac

(humbly but pleasantly) Yes ma'am.

Dot

(contemplating him) Well, I got dad to let me stay up here so I could catch a bear---but instead I caughta---

Mac

A waht?

Dot

Well, I could say donkey---but your ears aren't long enough!

\*\*\*\*\* NUMBER TWO \*\*\*\*\*



(SCENE THREE..... THE county jail. )(

Beetle

(is discovered singing "Little fishes in the brook")

Dot

(enters L. very pretty and fresh) Hello, Beetle!

Beetle

Hello, Dot.

Dot

How is my prisoner?

Beetle

Stiff and sore.

Dot

He isn't sick, is he?

Beetle

No, but he says he wishes he was dead.

Dot

(astonished) What?

Beetle

He says, he wished you'd hit him back of the ear with a club and hauled him into town on a pack horse.

Dot

Why?

Beetle

He has blisters on his feet as big as flapjacks.

Dot

I offered to let him ride my horse part of the way.

Beetle

He was telling me about it.

Dot

What did he say?

Beetle

He said it was a case of getting blistered either way---riding or walking!

Dot

Give me the key to his cell.

Beetle

No, Dot, I have strict orders to let no one in his cell. Your father won't let no one see the prisoners.

Dot

Whose prisoner is he, any way?

Beetle

But your father said---

Dot

Give me that key.

Beetle

Your father said---

Dot

Give me that key.

Beetle

Now your father said---

Dot

Give me that key.

Beetle

BUT YOUR FATHER SAID!

Dot

WELL, WHAT DID HE SAY?

Beetle

(hands her keys) Oh damn it!

Dot

(laughing) You ought to know better than to try and get the best of me, Beetle.



Beetle

All right, now if your pa raises cane, you've got to get me out of it.

Dot

Don't worry! He's my prisoner; I captrued him, and I can see him. (exits R.)

Elwin

(enters L. dressed up better than first act, boots shined and wears Stetson hat.) (carries box of cigars in one hand and telegram in the other) He's the man, Beetle. (coming to desk) Listen to this-- (reads telegram) "Hold Mac MacDonough. Am sending officer siwht extradition papers. Karl Ballard." Aint that brave of my little gal Dot to capture a driminal like that?

Beetle

I always said the people of this here county should have elected her sheriff of this here county instead of her, dad.

Elwin

(proudly offers box of cigars) Have one on, Dot. (he takes one) Take a handful.

Beetle

(as he takes a half dozen) No one, enough, ones enough. (pockets cigars) Maybe I better take another one. (reaches hand in)

Elwin

(shuts box on his hands) No ones enough, ones enough!

Beetle

Ouch!

Elwin

(takes out another telegram) But here is a telegram that stumps me. "Handle Mac MacDonough with care. Give him three square meals, plenty of sleep, and lots of exercise."

Beetle

Well, I'll be a tadpoles sister-in-law!

Elwin

And listen to this; "Deprive him of none of the luxuries of life." Signed Karl Ballard.

Beetle

Gee whiz, what kind of treatment is that for a criminal.

Elwin

Sell, we'll obey instructions. Give him anything he wants, Beetle. New Yorks paying for it.

Beetle

Suppose he asks for a bucket of champagne?

Elwin

size to Wichita and get it for him. And do you know, Beetle, I've decided, after laying awake all last night, trying to think of some way to show my appreciation to Dot for the pluck she showed in landing this guy Mac Donough, that I'm going to make her a Deputy Sheriff.

Beetle

Fine, and I'll tell you something else that would be awful nice for you daughter Dot.

Elwin

What's that?

Beetle

Let me marry her.

Elwin

WHAT?

Beetle

Sure, why not?

Elwin

You---you with a double jointed face like that asking to marry my daughter?



Beetle

Now lookes here, Elwin, I've been your jailer for a good many years

Elwin

Well, that's no sign you're going to lock my daughter up for life.

Beetle

Well, I'm going to keep asking her till she says yes.

Dot

(enters R.)

Elwin

Dot! What were you doing in there?

Dot

Watering my five thousand dollar prisoner.

Elwin

(to Beetle) I thought I gave you strict orders to---

Dot

Now, listen, dad, he's my prisoner and I'm going to do as I please with him.

Elwin

(as phonerings) There's the phone. What now? (answers it) 'lo. Yeh. Yeh/ Well? No? Yes! That's so? Hump! Well? Sure. Yeh! Yeh! Yeh. Well I'll be damned! (hangs up)

Beetle

So will I? What is it?

Elwin

The bank at Grand Junction was held up not fifteen minutes ago. Three masked men shot the cashier, held up the clerks and got away with twenty thousand dollars.

Dot

Oh! really?

Elwin

Sure, and I'm going out TO GET 'EM! (rises hitches trousers)

Beetle

What shall I do?

Elwin

Stay here with Dot, and put a ball and chain on Mac Mac Donough.

Beetle

All right, put she will be. (starts toward D. R.)

~~Elwin~~ Mac

(enters D. R.)

Beetle

(drops down on knees) Oh help! the prisoners loose! Help! Save me! Save me!

Elwin

(gun on Mac)

Mac

Don't shoot! I'm not going to hurt you!

Beetle

(getting up) Shucks I knew it all the time.

Mac

You've certainly got a brave jailer!

Beetle

Listen don't get fresh with me. I'll---(turns to Elwin) Hold the gun on him, hold the gun on him!

Elwin

Come on, Beetle, let's see if any of the other prisoners got out. Hold the gun on him, Dot. (exit with Beetle R.)

Mac

(starts for her) Now listen---

Dot

Throw up your hands!



Mac  
(holding up cell key which he has taken from his pocket) The key.  
(she lowers gun, he gives it to her) You left it in the lock of my cell.

Dot  
Oh!

Mac  
Don't do it again; if some one else had found it, it might have embarrassed you.

Dot  
(deeply grateful) Thank you! Oh how can I thank you!

Mac  
Did you send that telegram I told you to send?

Dot  
Yes.

Mac  
(anxiously) Sure you didn't make any mistake? Mr. Karl Ballard.

Dot  
Yes, that's the man.

Mac  
You see he's a friend of mine, and he said if I ever got arrested to

Elwin  
(enters R.) Get back to your cell. (Beetle enters)

Mac  
Can't you see you are interrupting a very pleasant conversation?

Elwin  
Beetle, take this man to his cell.

Mac  
Beetle! Beetle! (laughs) Ha ha what a funny name.

Beetle  
Hey darn you don't laugh at me!

Mac  
(stops quickly, gruffly) WHAT?

Beetle  
(trying to get his gun out) Hold that gun on him! Hold that gun!  
(pulls gun out) Now don't get fresh with a limb of the law.

Mac  
Are you a limb of the law?

Beetle  
You betcher.

Mac  
Well, its a might rotten limb. (exits R.)

Beetle  
Well, I know---what the---listen, I'm gonna put you on bread and water for that. (exits arguing after him.)

Elwin  
Dot, how did that man get out. (she hands him keys) Did you give him this?

Dot  
I handed him a glass of water, and left it in the lock.

Elwin  
(astonished at her carelessness) What?

Dot  
That is why he came out. He was afraid some one else might find it there, and embarrass me. (emphatically, peevishly) Father, that man is no criminal.

Elwin  
Huh? What do you mean?

Dot  
I mean he is not the criminal we think he is. He's a gentleman. A man!



Elwin

Now don't get sentimental, Dot. You pulled off something pretty good when you caught that man single handed. Now don't up and spoil it. (Beetle re-enters) Take this key. (hands it to him) I'm going after those bank robbers, so you'll be here alone for awhile. Dot, I have a little surprise for you.

Dot

What?

Elwin

Just to show you how much I appreciate that little trick you turned the other night, I've made you a deputy sheriff.

Dot

(springs around his neck, happily) Oh, daddy! Daddy!

Elwin

(noise off stage) That's the boys ready to go with me for them bank robbers. Well, so long, and watch the prisoners.

Beetle

Sure, and when you get back maybe you're daughter will be married to me.

Elwin

(brandishing gun) If she, I'll darn soon make her a widow! (exits L.)

Beetle

Will you marry me?

Dot

Marry you?

Beetle

Why not?

Dot

I have no desire to marry a beetle!

Beetle

Aw darn it! I aint no beetle!

Dot

You can't prove it.

Beetle

Well I know it---now listen---jest cause I was a n orphan and they didn't have nothin' else to call me, your father called me Beetle aint no sign I'm a real Beetle.

Dot

Wouldn't it sound nice---if I married you? We'd be walking down the street, and every one would say "Oh there goes Mrs. Beetle, and her husband"

Beetle

Gosh, I think that'd sound darn nice, and right behind us would be a whole flock of little beetles---and---

Dot

That will do!

Beetle

Will you marry me?

Dot

No. Go fetch my prisoner out.

Beetle

Now listen, your father said---

Dot

I'm the sheriff in the absence of my father now---go bring him here to me.

Beetle

Now listen---

Dot

Are you afraid of him?



Beetle 14.  
I'm not afraid of him- --I'm just cautious that's all. Will you marry me?

Dot  
No.

Beetle  
Just wanted to know that's all. (exits R.)

Agnes  
(enters L. very loud short dress on, giddy appearance, made up younger than she is. Carries a bouquet of flowers wrapped in a paper cornucopia. (chirply) Hello!

Dot  
Well who are you?

Agnes  
Oh my goodness I'm a friend of one of the inmates here.

Dot  
Indeed?

Agnes  
Yes, you have a man here by the name of "Snowy Davies"?

Dot  
Snowy Davies, the dope fiend---yes we have.

Agnes  
Well, he's an old sweetheart of mine, honey. (holding up bouquet) Aint them just lucious!

Dot  
What's your name?

Agnes  
Agnes.

Dot  
Agnes what?

Agnes  
Now yer gettin' in quisitive, honey. (starts R.)

Dot  
(following her) I will take them to her.

Agnes  
You needn't mind.

Dot  
I said I would take them to him.

Agnes  
I heard you, honey, but just who do you think you are!

Dot  
The deputy sheriff of this county!

Agnes  
You! (laughs) Say I like you? Where's that funny little fellow you've got for a jailer here?

Dot  
What's it to you?

Agnes  
Why that little monkey took me to a picture show last night, and asked me to marry him.

Beetle Agnes  
(enters R.) Oh here he is now. Hello, sweet daddy!

Beetle  
Don't sweat daddy me woman. Where's my watch?

Agnes  
How shou ld I know? Did you lose it?

Beetle  
Sure I did; you picked my pocket in the movie. Durn you, I'm gonna lock you up.

Agnes  
Why you impudent little devil, you come near me, and I'll---



Mac  
(enters R. has ball and chain around ankle, carries ball in his hand)

Agnes  
(seeing him) Well look who's here. (goes to him) How did you do!

Mac  
(looking at her) Nicely thank you but have I ever seen you before?  
I don't recall you.

Agnes  
(with affected coyness) Probably not. (nipping a rose petal with her lips) The last time you saw me I was in a bathing suit.

Mac  
Where?

Agnes  
(pleasantly) Long Beach, California.

Dot  
(quickly to Mac) Were you ever there?

Mac  
Once--but I am sure I didn't see this lady.

Agnes  
(smiling coquettishly) Oh yes you did.

Mac  
(mocking her) Oh no I didn't!

Agnes  
Last New Years day. You saved my life.

Dot  
Did you?

Mac  
The woman I saved was a blonde.

Agnes  
(flicking a flower with girlish modesty) Last winter, I was a blonde.

Mac  
(to Dot) Did you wish to see me.

Dot  
(jealous) No. Beetle, take him back.

Beetle  
All right. Come on!

Agnes  
Just a minute. (goes to Mac) I want to give you these flowers as a hero medal.

Mac  
Thank you, Miss Carnegie.

Agnes  
(gives him a wink) Don't mention it. (she thinks he is a real crook)

Dot  
Wait a minute! I thought you said those flowers were for Snowy Davies?

Agnes  
What of it?

Dot  
Is this man another old sweetheart of yours. (she laughs) Is he?

Agnes  
He saved my life, Honey---that's all.

Dot  
(suspiciously) Is that all?

Agnes  
I said that was all. (starts)

Mac  
Just a moment. You say you know that prisoner called Snowy Davies?

Beetle  
They've been pals for twenty years she told me.

Mac  
(to him) Watch me.



Beetle  
Sure. That's what I'm paid for.

Mac  
You know I always loved flowers, in fact. I'm a great botanist. I'm going to look at the stems of these flowers. (undoes paper cornucopia, takes flowers apart)

Agnes  
(alarmed) Hey! Stop it!

Mac  
(as he pulls out a dope needle and a skeleton key and a small three cornered file.) Yes, I guess I should! (she starts, he grabs her by the rest) Just a moment, Miss Carnegie! (to Dot) Permit me--- a dope needle---a skeleton key--- a three cornered file. (to her) Did you know they were there?

Agnes  
No!

Dot  
You are lying. (to Beetle) Put her in cell Number four and don't take your eyes off her until I come.

Beetle  
Will I? Oh boy, here's where I get even. Shall I search her?

Dot  
No a woman can't hide anything in that dress.

Agnes  
(scathingly to Mac) I thought I was dealing with a man, a crook--- not a Y. M. C. A. boy!

Beetle  
Come on, come on, I'm the jailer here. (pushes her R.)

Agnes  
Oh that for you! (makes exit out D. R.)

Beetle  
(kicks out D. R. as though he kicked her) And that for you! (exit)

Mac  
Gee, I hated to do that, but our little jail must be protected!

Dot  
(looking at him) Mac MacDonough, you are the queerest officer I ever knew.

Mac  
Thank you---and permit me to observe that you are the queerest officer I ever knew.

Dot  
(shrewdly) How many officers have you known?

Mac  
Enough to convince me that a clever man can dodge all of them--- unless he meets one like you.

Dot  
I can't make you out. You are a forger,---a fugitive from justice and yet you are a man.

Mac  
And when you hear from my friend in New York Mr. Karl Ballard the truth will come out. I am an innocent man.

Dot  
Prove it.

Mac  
I can't. But I am innocent. You think I'm lying don't you?

Dot  
How can I help it? I like you, Mr. Mac Donough. You've been a gentleman all the way through. It's hard for me to think of you as a criminal but---

Mac  
Miss Dot, when the proper time comes my friend Mr. Karl Ballard



will explain everything---I promise you he will. Miss Dalton, after I have proven to you that I am not a criminal---after I have proved that beyond all doubt that I am an innocent, honest honorable, hard working citizen. (lays hand on hers gently)

Dot

(with quiet firmness) Until you have proved that, remember you are a prisoner of the law and I the deputy sheriff of this county. (she takes his hand off hers)

Mac

(meekly) Yes ma'am!

Dot

Can---can you explain that---that Agnes---

Mac

Oh her. (laughs) I merely done my duty and saved her life one day at Long Beach---(to her emphatically) and that is all You tell 'em I stutter it is!

Dot

(telephone rings) Hello---yes. (to Mac) A telegram. For you!

Mac

Good! It's from Karl Ballard telling me he's fixed it up with the proper authorities to keep me out of Sing Sing.

Dot

(in phone) Very well. Read it and I will take it down.

Mac

It won't be long now! What is your favorite kind of a ring---one lone diamond all by himself or one completely surrounded by a flock of pearls.

Dot

(in phone) All right. Read it? Sure now lets see if I have it right.

Mac

(rubbing hands together) Ah! Listen!

Dot

Poor Karl Ballard want hunting for a duck they call the Mallard In a shady creek the boat did leak, and he sank to the top of his beak He drowned in the cold cold pool. Body draged out by Farmer Jones's old old mule!

(sings this)

Mac

(ghost like) Sing! Sing! (hits self over head with ball and chain)

\*\*\*\*\* NUMBER THREE \*\*\*\*\*

Elwin

(enters L.) Dot! Beetle! Hey! .who's here?

Dot

(enters R.) What is it---oh dad---you got back--did you get your bank robbers?

Elwin

Haw! We just had a wild goose chase, and I'm all out of humor. I hope you haven't let what prisoners we have got escape.

Dot

On the contrary; I caught one.

Elwin

who is it?

Dot

A woman---she tried to smuggle dope and a key and file to that Snowy Davies.

Elwin

How did you catch her?



Dot

Mr. Mac Donough helped us. Dad, it's a shame to let a man like that go to prison.

Elwin

He does seem to be pretty good sort of a fellow. Well, I'm going to go get some breakfast. Those New York officers should be here for him today.

Dot

Yes.

Elwin

He's a nice fellow, Dot, but remember he means five thousand dollars to us. (exits L.)

Beetle

(enters R.) Good morning, Miss Dot. Will you marry me?

Dot

NO!

Beetle

All right, just wanted to know!

Mac

(enters, still has ball and chain on) Good morning.

Dot

Well, Mr. Mac you don't look very chipper this morning. Did you come out to see the sun-rise?

Mac

Every time I look at those mountains, I imagine I see the cold gray walls of Sing Sing.

Beetle

Boy, that Miss Agnes sure does know a lot o' dirt about you.

Mac

What?

Dot

Beetle!

Mac

She does. She was telling me all about it last night.

Dot

Well, I'll hear that. Bring her in here!

Beetle

In she comes. (exits R.)

Mac

Listen! You aren't going to believe anything that woman says, are you? She's sore because I didn't give those flowers to her boy friend that's all. She thought I was a crook and would understand what that bouquet meant.

Dot

I'm going to find out what she's got so say about you, Mr. Mac MacDonough!

Beetle

(enters with Agnes) Come in, and spill the dirty.

Agnes

(looking spitefully at Mac) You bet I will!

Mac

Listen, unlock my ankle!

Dot

Tell us what you know?

Agnes

(beginning) I was an innocent country girl!

Mac

That's out!

Agnes

I met this man in my home town. He made advancements to me, and



got me to leave my dear old mother and father.

Mac

Unlock my ankle.

Agnes

He took me to the city---made a crook out of me---disgraced me---ruined me---

Mac

Unlock my ankle!

Agnes

Then throw me aside!

Beetle

Which side?

Agnes

(quickly), Both sides and in the middle!

Mac

Unlock my ankle.

Agnes

He left me---ran away---that is what made me the dope fiend and crook I am today----(sobs) Oh deah! Deah!

Beetle

(bawls) Oh its worse than that!

Mac

UNLOCK MY ANKLE!

Dot

Shut up! My dear lady, you lie!

Agnes

What!

Mac

YOU TELL 'EM---ISTUTTER!

Dot

I overheard you threatening Mr. Mac last night in your cell. You told him you were going to get him in worse dutch than he was. You thought I was gone but I wasn't!

Agnes

You hussy!

Dot

Back to your cell.

Agnes

You little--- (rises)

Dot

Go to your cell or we'll carry you there on a stretcher.

Beetle

Come on! Now don't start anything.

Agnes

(hurling ball in threatening position) Oh wouldn't I like to bounce this ball on your bean! (exit)

Beetle

Go on. Miss Dot will you marry me?

Dot

No.

Beetle

Thanks, just wanted to find out is all. (exits R.)

Mac

You don't believe what she said do you?

Dot

Of course not.

Mac

I love you. Will you marry me?

Dot

No---I mean---well---not now---(coming to her senses) Of course not. You are prisoner!



Mac

(taking ahold of her wrist) Listen! I insist I am no criminal. I made a bet of ten thousand dollars with Karl Ballare of New York that I could commit a crime and escape every officer of the law for one year. I forged a check on him--and here I am.

Dot

(amazed) Are you telling me the truth?

Mac

Upon my honor. They chased me from Portland Me, to Puget Sound from Newark to New Orleans, but they couldn't keep in sight of me. And I would have won if it hadn't of been for you.

Dot

I'm awfully sorry I caught you.

Mac

I'm not. It's worth thirty times ten thousand dollars just to meet a girl like you. What I regret is that fool Ballard went hunting for a duck they call the Mallard and got drowned! He's the one that is sending me to prison, not you.

Dot

(with determination) If you are not a criminal, you are not going to prison. Can you ride a horse?

Mac

If it is old enough.

Dot

Listen, there's a horse on the side of the prison. I'm going to let you escape. (kneels by his ankle with key to unlock ball)

Mac

No I can't do that! Think of the disgrace it would bring you for turning me loose.

Dot

You are my friend, and as my friend I would rather see the sage brush growing above you than to see you wearing prison stripes. Now I have lots of friends over in Arizona who will do anything I ask. I want you to go there.

Mac

Just how far is it to Arizona?

Dot

A seven days ride.

Mac

Count Horse back. Count me out.

Dot

But it means your freedom.

Mac

I would rather be a live convict in Sing Sing than a dead free man in Arizona.

Dot

(takes her gun and points it at him) I have begged with you pleaded with you. Now it is going to be Arizona or the graveyard. Which will you take?

Mac

Let me think it over.

Dot

Whatch? (cocks gun)

Mac

Arizona!

Dot

(as she hears auto horn off stage) Listen! That's the New York officers now. Quick out that side door, and to your horse.

Mac

I never rode a horse in my life.



Dot  
You've got seven days to learn in. mHurry!

Mac  
Will I ever see you again?

Dot  
Yes---maybe but--hurry they'll catch---Oh Hurry!

Mac  
Dot, if I get out of this alive, will you marry me?

Dot  
Yes---if you get out of it alive!

Mac  
Ow!

Dot  
Now listen: Keep up a steady trot every day from sun-up to sun-down for a week. But whatever you do, don't spur your horse in the flanks.

Mac  
Where are his flanks?

Dot  
Now remember---three days West--four days South, and you are there  
Mac

Dot, I love you, and I IF I get out of this alive, I'll come back but it won't be on horseback. Good bye, Dot, and God bless you. (exits R. Heard off R.) Nice Horsie! Nice Horsie! I'm not going to hurt you. Whoa! Stop him! Stop him! Whoa, horsie, whoa!

Dot  
(calling from D R. ) Take your spurs out of his flanks!

Elwin  
(enters L.) Dot, what have you done?

Dot  
(turning to him) I've turned my prisoner loose!

Elwin  
Good Lord, Dot! I thought I heard a noise of horse hoofs!  
(starts L.)

Dot  
(gun on him) Stand where you are!

Elwin  
Dot! I'll never forgive you for this.

Dot  
I don't care! I love him! He's as innocent as a dove!

Elwin  
(looking off L. laughs) Oh well---I don't have to get him anyway. There's the whole town out after him. And look who's in the lead---none other than my trusty jailer---Beetle.

Dot  
I'm going to kill a Beetle!

(Noise off stage "Whoa" Whoa" I've got him. I've got him!"

Beetle  
(enters E. with a long rope, behind him is Mac all dusty dirty and bruised up. The rope is around his neck, and his tongue is hanging out)

Mac  
(dumbly) Whoa! Nice Horsie! I won't spur you in the flank!

Beetle  
I've caught him.

Elwin  
Where did you find him?

Beetle  
Hanging on a picket fence.



Elwin  
(laughs) Oh Boy! That's good!

Beetle  
He can't get out of no jail that I'm runnin'. I just wrapped him up and hauled him back. Miss Dot, will you marry me.

Dot  
I'm going to blow your head off!

Mac  
(still stupid) Three days West---four days South --Don't spur him in the flank---I love you, Dot----I---

Ballard  
(enters L.)

Mac  
(coming to his sense quickly) Ballard! Alive! How did you get out of the creek?

Ballard  
(laughing) You'd be surprised. Did you get to Arizona?

Mac  
No, it was fenced in!

Ballard  
Well the year is up. It was a fair bet. The strong arm of the law has you, and you lose. Unite him now.

Beetle  
Sure! (unties him) I'll save this rope. It sure did its work perty. (exits R.)

Mac  
What's it all about? I thought you were daed.

Ballard  
(laughs) No I just sent that telegram to have a little fun with you. Well, Mac, you lose.

Mac  
Yes I lose.

Dot  
He does not lose.

Ballard  
You caught him and you are a deputy sheriff.

Dot  
But I wasn't a deputy sheriff when I caught him.

Ballard  
(quickly and anxiously) What?

Dot  
Fatehr made me a deputy sheriff AFTER I caught him.

Ballard  
Oh hell.

Elwin  
Ditto!

Ballard  
All right, Mac, you win, but the next time we bet on the strong arm of the law women don't count.

Mac  
Oh yes, women always count. Ten thousand bucks please.

Ballard  
(gives check) Many happy returns of the day.

Mac  
You tell 'em---I stutter!

Ballard  
Aw shut up. Come on, sheriff; I'll buy you a cigar just to show 'em I'm a good sport. (they exit L.)

Mac  
Dot, I want to be your prisoe for life. May I? (embrace)



Dot

Consider yourself under arrest.

Beetle

(enters R.) Dot! Will you marry me? (sees them) Aw hell. I didn't think you would any way!

FINALE